FAIRY TALE PARADE

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 50

A DELL BOOK

DELL

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GUBBINS
The Pony that Became a Mountain

Gubbins was a pony who lived on the edge of the Mexican plains. He was so good-natured and kindhearted that everybody loved him. Most of all, the tiny "Grow-uppers" loved him. These were the wee fairies who made boys and girls grow up to be men and women and little ponies grow up to be horses.

But the Grow-uppers loved Gubbins so much that they worked too hard on him and he grew—and grew—and grew—until he was higher and bigger than the biggest, highest hill in Mexico. Yet, Gubbins was just as good-natured and kindhearted as ever.

He said, "How can I walk around, now that I am so large? If I take many steps, I'll be sure to crush someone, and then I'll feel terribly bad."

So good-natured, kindhearted Gubbins stood absolutely still. He let the eagles build nests in his ears and allowed little pine cones to lodge in his mane, so that after awhile, pine trees grew there. His head was in the clouds where it was cold, so some snow stayed on his head without melting. And sand from the plains drifted around his feet until they could not be seen. Gubbins did not want to move, which was lucky for, after a time, he could not do so anyway.

But, although his head was in the clouds, he was warm and comfortable, for the velvety green moss and shrubbery which now covered his sides made him feel cozy. For Gubbins was turning into a mountain. No one thought of him as a giant horse any more. He became a beautiful mountain. And he still stands there, good-natured and happy, knowing that it is better for him to be a mountain than a giant horse who might accidentally hurt someone. Even though you cannot see his feet or legs now, you can recognize him by his broad flat back, which is still shaped like the back of a giant horse, and his big nose which looks like a huge rock on the top of a mountain. And he is called "The Saddleback Mountain of Mexico."

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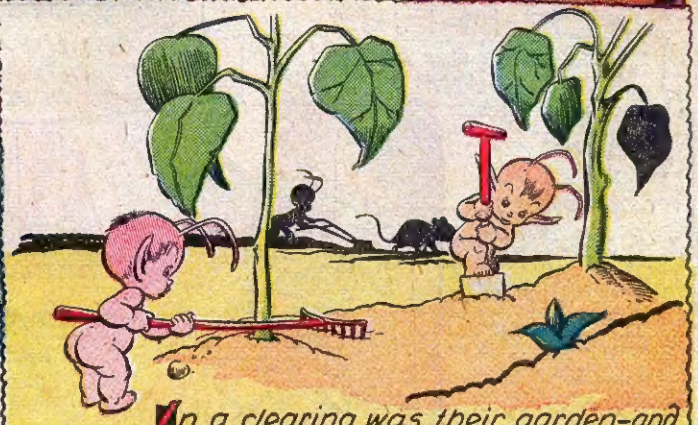
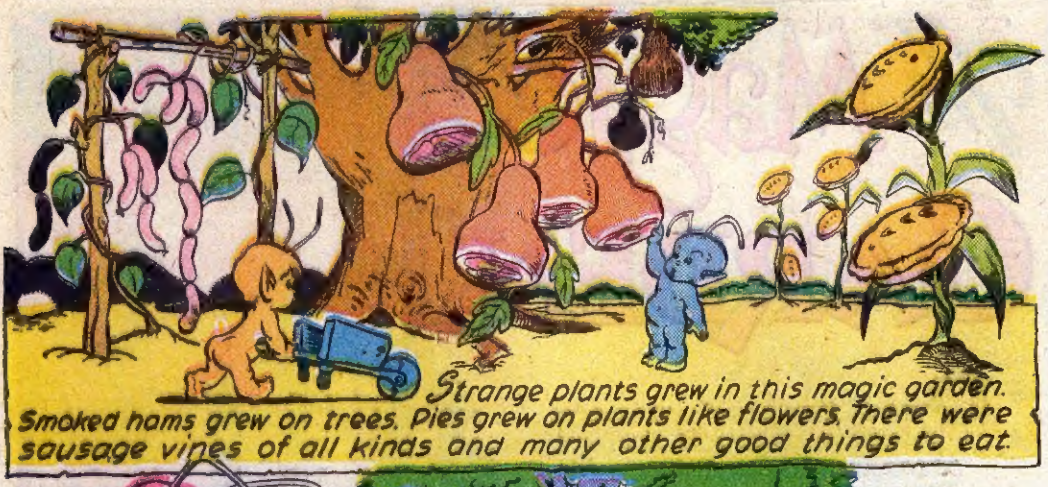
The Magic Garden

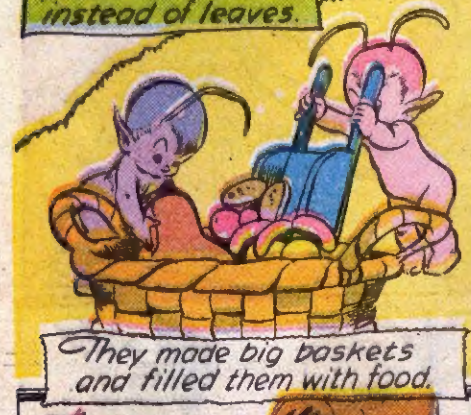
Over a thousand years ago, deep in a great forest, there lived some little people. They were happy, hard-working folk, and above all they enjoyed doing good deeds for the ordinary humans who dwelt in the villages beyond their forest.

Each day the tiny men would shoulder their hoes, rakes, and shovels and march off to work.



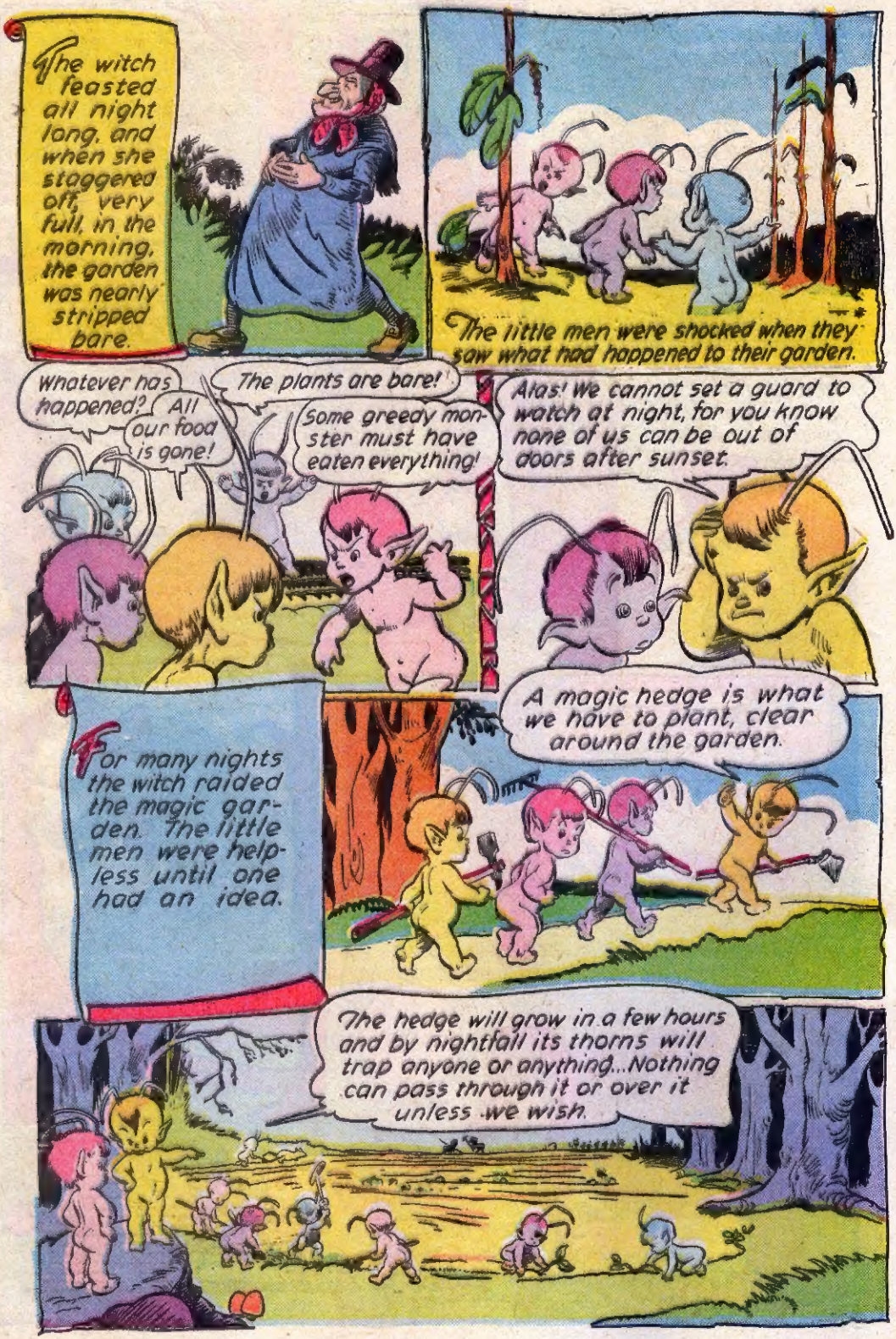
In a clearing was their garden—and it was a very special kind of a garden.


Strange plants grew in this magic garden. Smoked hams grew on trees. Pies grew on plants like flowers. There were sausage vines of all kinds and many other good things to eat.



Anyone who was poor and did not know where to turn for his next meal would find food at his doorstep left by the little folk.

A witch, who lived in a far-away country, heard of this magic garden and journeyed to the forest.
She reached the clearing in the wood and watched the little folk at work.
Aha—it is true! The wee folk have a magic garden that raises all sorts of food!
I shall hide until nightfall —then I will return and eat my fill!
That evening the little men retired to their tiny houses under the tree roots.
Good, good—all are sleeping!
The greedy witch proceeded to gobble all of the food she could hold.


The witch feasted all night long, and when she staggered off, very full, in the morning, the garden was nearly stripped bare.
The little men were shocked when they saw what had happened to their garden.
Whatever has happened?
All our food is gone!
The plants are bare!
Some greedy monster must have eaten everything!
Alas! We cannot set a guard to watch at night, for you know none of us can be out of doors after sunset.
For many nights the witch raided the magic garden. The little men were helpless until one had an idea.
A magic hedge is what we have to plant, clear around the garden.
The hedge will grow in a few hours and by nightfall its thorns will trap anyone or anything...Nothing can pass through it or over it unless we wish.

She cursed and tried to fly over the hedge on her broomstick...
Sure enough, by nightfall the hedge was a mass of thorns and the witch could not get through it.
But the hedge grew just as fast as the witch could fly. She could not cross over it.
The little men have outwitted me, but I'll find a way!
So the witch went back to her lair and tried to think of a way she might get into the little people's garden.
Tee-hee-hee! I think I have an idea!
Now the little people were happy again. They were busy each day harvesting food and taking it to the unfortunates in the village.
With this potion I will change myself into a beautiful plant!
The witch worked with her secret powders and vials for a whole week, and finally she had a potion of true black magic.

Ha–the drug is complete–now to fool the little men...
The moon is up and there's the magic hedge!
A few drops o' the vial–and–
–I become a plant! The little men will find me and transplant me to their garden.
The witch was right. When morning came the little people found the strange new plant growing right in the path they used to reach their garden.
We'll dig it up...
And plant it in our garden.
It may bear a new kind of food!

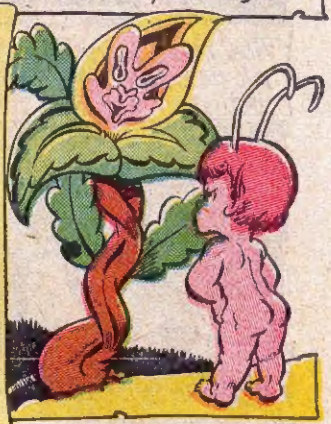
The following night, after the plant had been placed in a special bed of its own within the hedge wall, a strange thing took place. The plant changed back into the witch.

The witch gobbled everything in sight, and at sunrise she became the plant again.

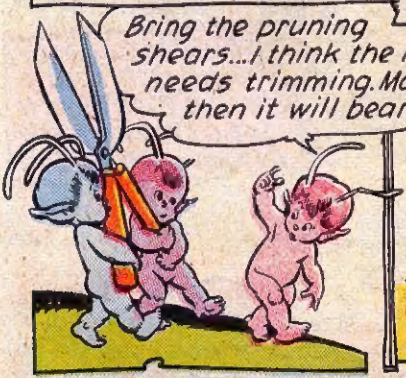
Whatever shall we do? The greedy monster has been able to get into our garden!

Morning after morning the little men came and found their plants stripped. They were disheartened.

Meanwhile, the head gardener began to wonder why the new plant showed no signs of bearing fruit.



Bring the pruning shears...I think the new plant needs trimming. Maybe then it will bear.

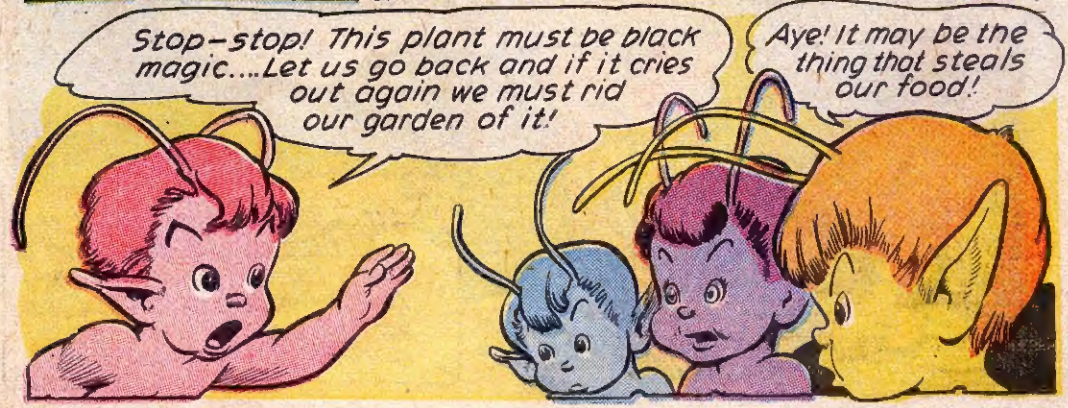


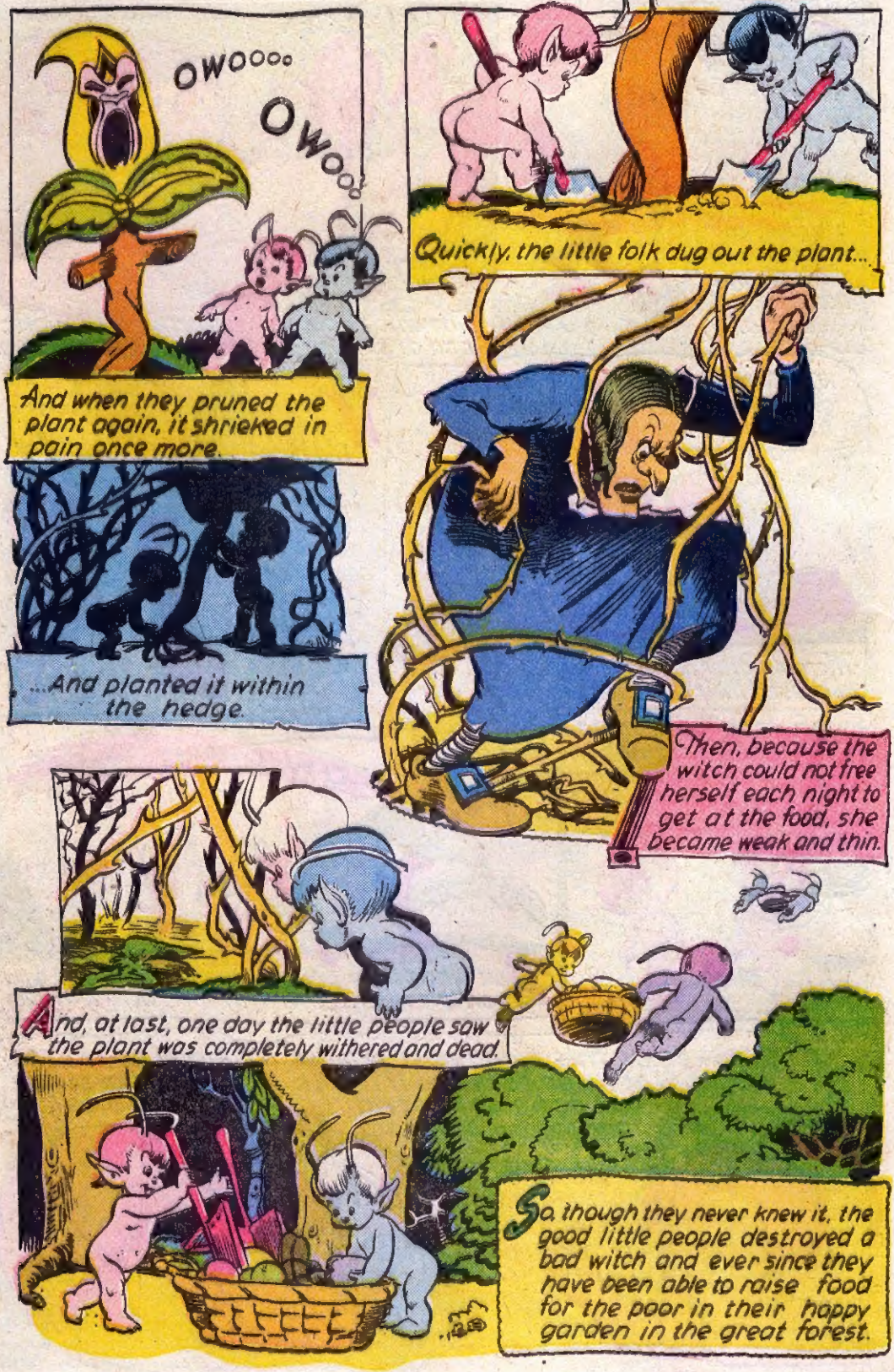
OW-OOOOOO

But when they pruned the plant, it set up a horrible wail....The little men were terrified.

Stop-stop! This plant must be black magic....Let us go back and if it cries out again we must rid our garden of it!

Aye! It may be the thing that steals our food!



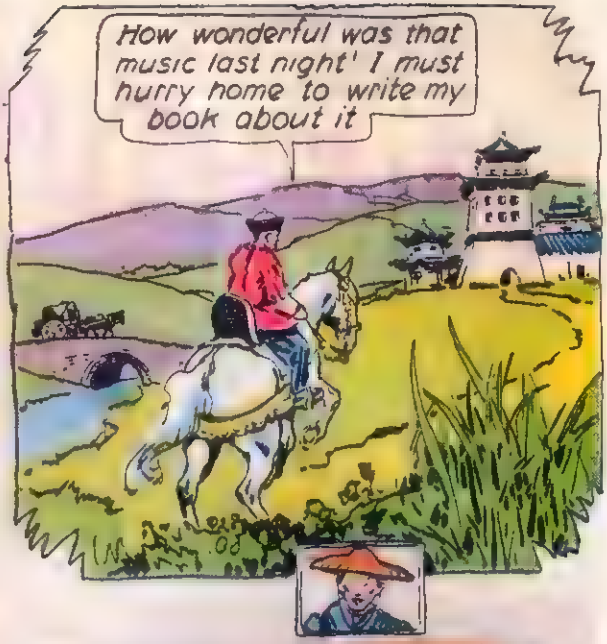

OWOOOo
OWOOo
And when they pruned the plant again, it shrieked in pain once more.
...And planted it within the hedge.
Quickly, the little folk dug out the plant...
Then, because the witch could not free herself each night to get at the food, she became weak and thin.
And, at last, one day the little people saw the plant was completely withered and dead.
So, though they never knew it, the good little people destroyed a bad witch and ever since they have been able to raise food for the poor in their happy garden in the great forest.

The NIGHTINGALE

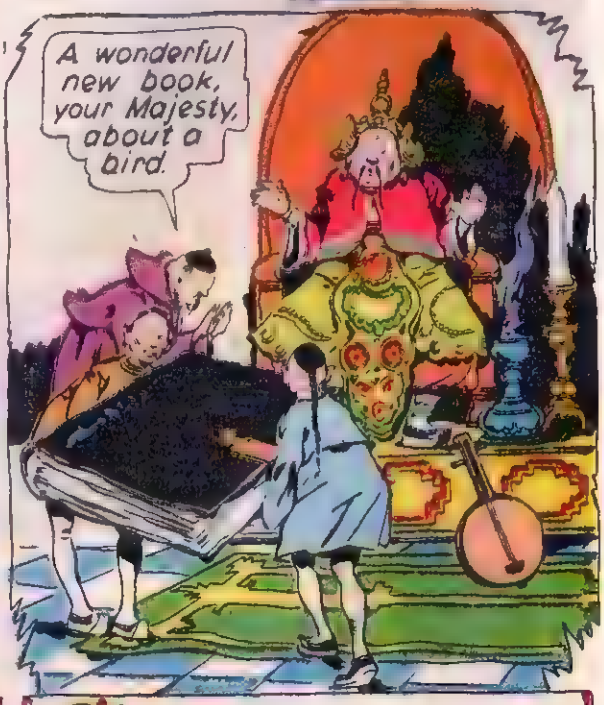
Adapted from the fairy tale by
Hans Christian Andersen

That song is so lovely that I cannot even attend my nets!
Nor I to the Emperor's kitchen where I'm now supposed to be washing dishes.
Beautiful! Beautiful! I have been all over the world, but never have I heard such wonderful music!

Over a thousand years ago, on the edge of a forest belonging to the Emperor of China, a willow tree stood. In the tree lived a nightingale which used to come forth each night and fill the air with the enchanted beauty of its song.



The traveler dictates his book to his five secretaries.



A year later, in the palace of the Emperor.

What in the world is this?
Where is the Grand Muckamuck? Send for him— at once! At once!
Something wrong, your Majesty?
Wrong! Something wrong? Fool! Idiot! Here is a stranger who writes a book about a wonderful nightingale right in my own forest. Why have I never been told about it?
I have never before heard the bird mentioned. It has never been presented at court.
I wish it to come and sing before me this evening Arrange it immediately!
Fools! Idiots! Has no one in the court heard about this wonderful bird?
No! No! Not I! What bird?
Your Imperial Majesty— the book must be a lie! No one here knows of the bird It is unwise to believe all that is written in books
It is **not** a lie! If the nightingale is not here this evening, the whole court shall be flogged!

Flogged! Oh-oh-oh!
How frightful! Awful! We must find the nightingale!
Little kitchen maid, do you perchance know the whereabouts of this nightingale?
Oh yes! Very well! Come-I will lead you through the woods to its home in the willow tree.
Just a little bit farther on—
You shall be richly rewarded for this!
Moo-moo!
Oh-oh! Now we have her
The nightingale sounds familiar.
Quite a strong voice for a little bird.
Moo-moo!
Oh, no—that's just a cow.

Kwa! Kwa!

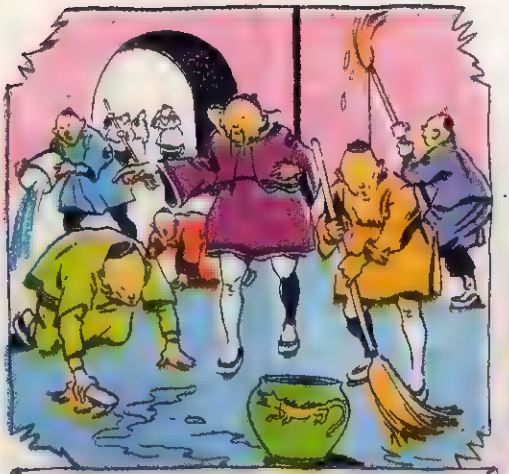
Kwa-kwa!
Just like little church bells!
Ah-this time I hear her!
Exquisite-lovely!

No-no! That's a frog. But we are almost there.

There it is! Listen! Listen!

Most excellent nightingale — I have the honor to invite you to a court festival this evening where you will be pleased to sing before our gracious Emperor.

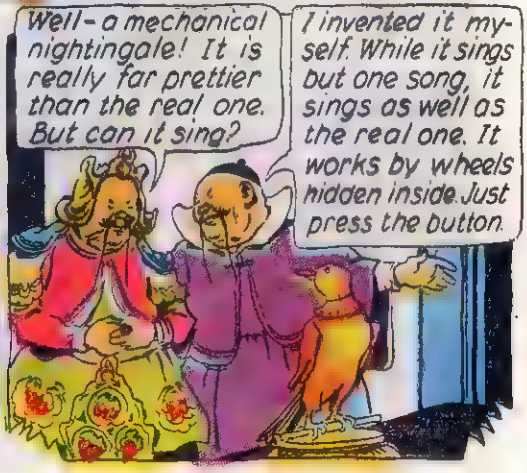
Among the green trees my song would sound far better, but since it is the Emperor's wish, I shall appear.

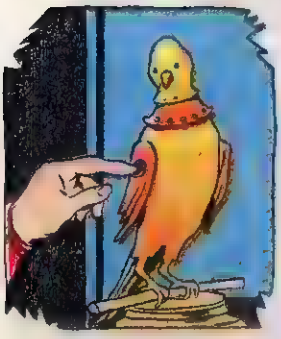


And back to the palace goes the Grand Muckamuck, who puts everyone to work making the Great Hall ready for the festival

From now on you will live here in a golden cage, with twelve attendants to look after your wants. Each evening you will delight me with your music
But I would rather live in the green woods—

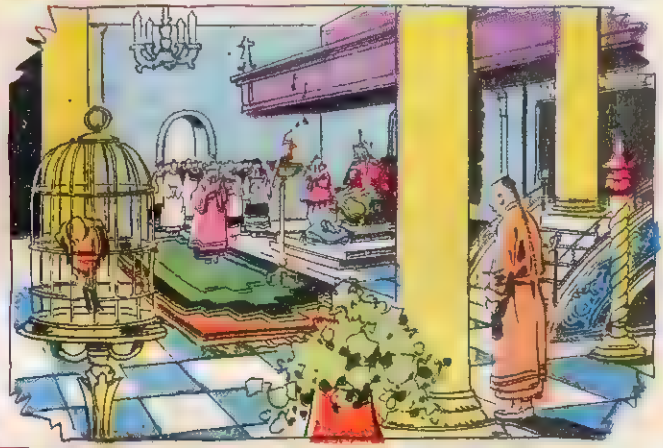
However, the nightingale was locked in the Golden Cage. In spite of the Emperor's gifts and the many servants who waited on it, the wonderful bird was not happy. Each night it sang before the Emperor and his court until its fame spread throughout the land. A year passed—

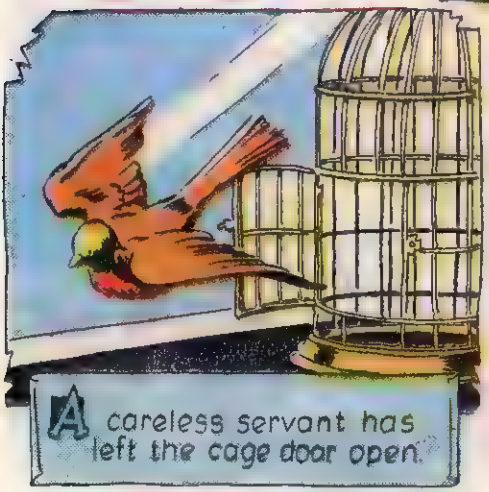

Well—a mechanical nightingale! It is really far prettier than the real one. But can it sing?
I invented it myself. While it sings but one song, it sings as well as the real one. It works by wheels hidden inside. Just press the button.

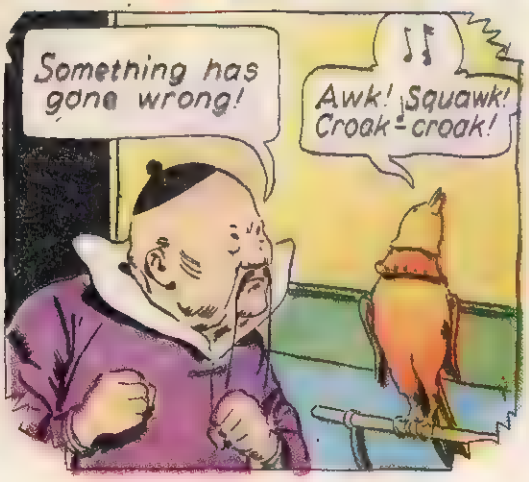


Miraculous! Just like the real bird! Better! From now on, in addition to being Grand Muckamuck, I give you the title of Chief Imperial Nightingale Inventor!

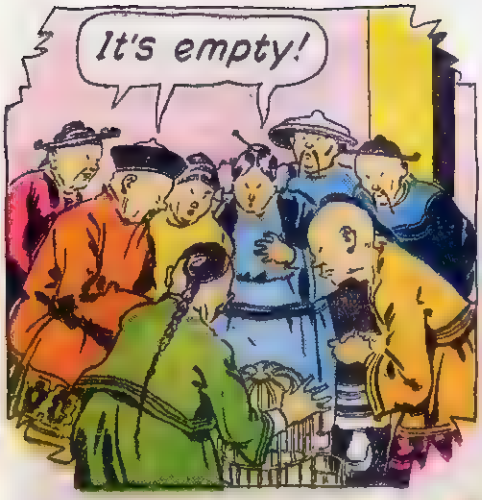
That night, as the Grand Muckamuck is enjoying the triumph of his mechanical bird before the assembled court, the real nightingale sits in its gilded cage in a corner, forgotten by all.

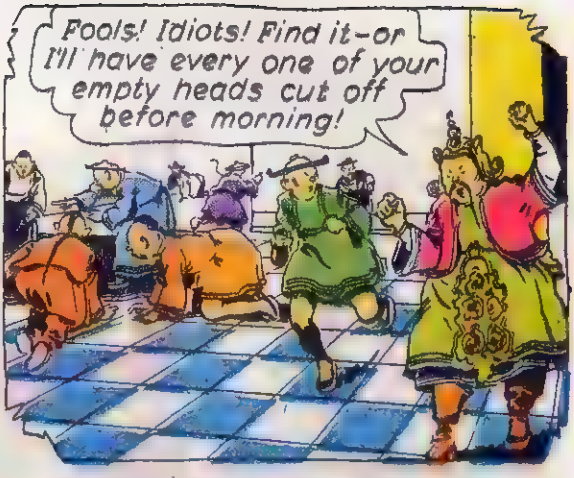




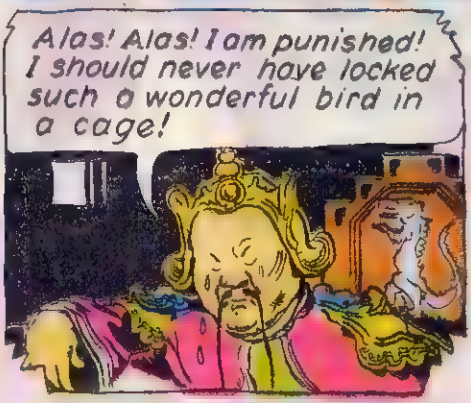


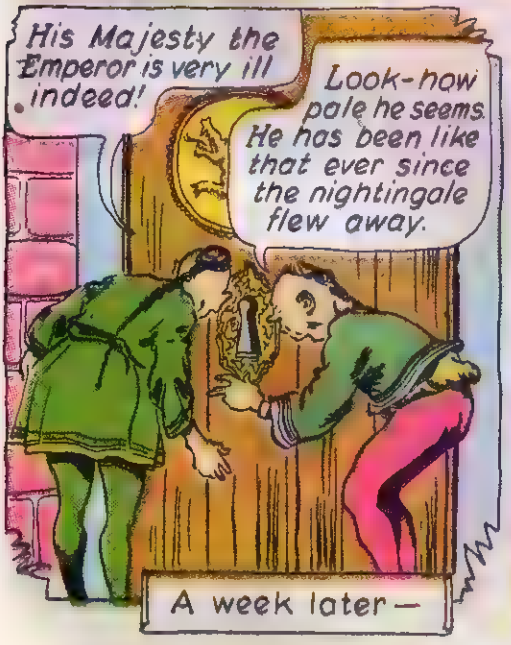
Fix it! Fix it! And quickly-or I'll have you flogged!
I can't understand it!
Enough! You've made a fool of me before all the court. Guards! Throw him into the dungeon!
Your Majesty-mercy!
Bring forth the real nightingale!

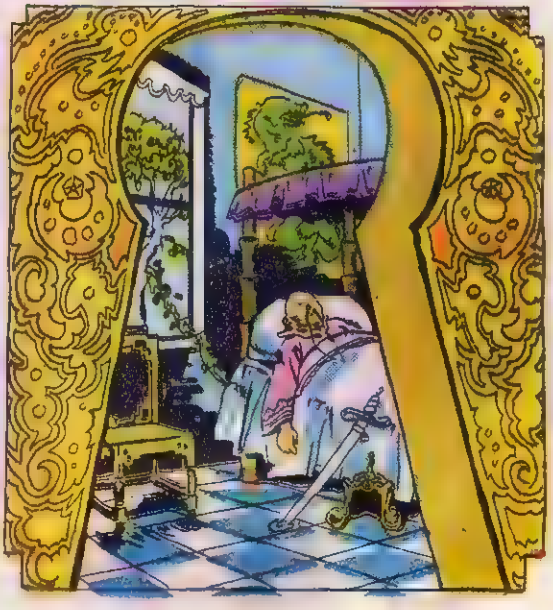




The entire place is searched—the grounds, the woods, and even the willow tree. But there is no sign of the nightingale. A great sadness steals over the Emperor's heart—

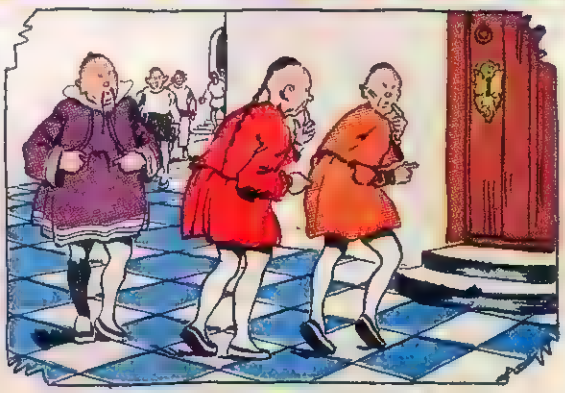


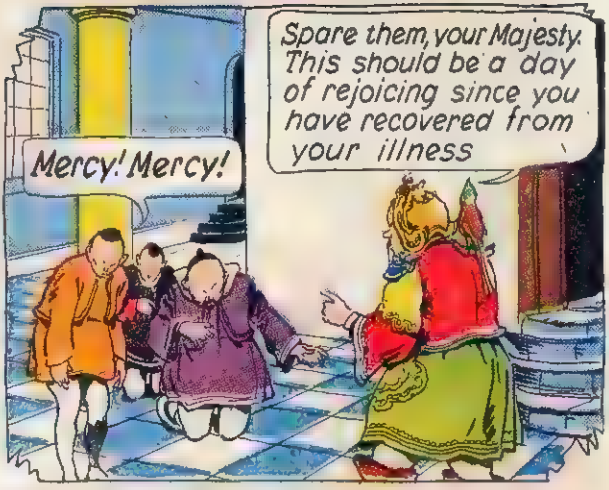

His Majesty the Emperor is very ill indeed!
Look—how pale he seems. He has been like that ever since the nightingale flew away.
A week later—



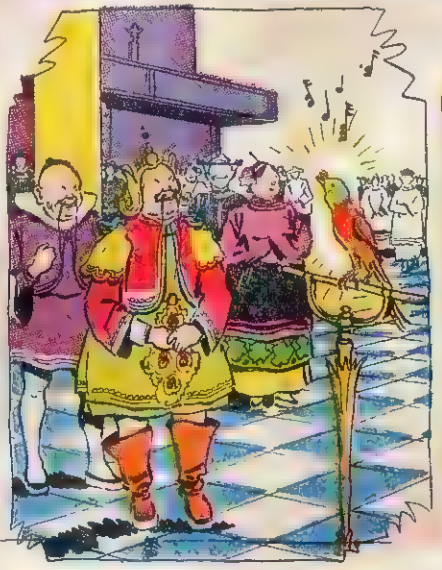
Well, your Majesty, I have come to carry you off.
Alas—am I really so ill because the nightingale has left me?
I fear it is the end. Death is visiting him.
Then the Grand Muckamuck will be the new Emperor. If we release him from the dungeon now he will reward us.
Well—whenever you're ready. I haven't much time, you know.
I don't want to die—
You heavenly little bird! You have awakened joy in my heart and saved my life!
I came because you needed me.
And suddenly, the nightingale appeared and its sweet song made the room tremble with joy. The moment the wondrous bird appeared, Death vanished.
Do you hear it?
The nightingale!
What's this? Am I the Emperor that you bow to me?
You are, indeed, your Majesty!
The old Emperor lies dying. We are the first to greet the new Emperor.
In the meantime—

The NIGHTINGALE





Very well- I will do as you say Besides, there will be another festival tonight and none knows so well how to prepare it as the Grand Muckamuck.



And so, from then on, the nightingale sang each night to the Emperor and his court, after which it flew back to its home in the willow tree The grateful Emperor never again put the wonderful bird back in its golden cage

The STOLEN PRINCESS
Long ago in another country, lived a group of fairies so good and so kind that they were loved the width and breadth of the land....
Wake up, sleepy head! You must get down to the Oak tree and help get ready for the wedding!
What wedding?
Indeed! Our little princess is marrying the prince this very night and you ask what wedding!
Blub-ub! Don't you think I'm clean enough now?
Hy ya, fellas' Mother sent me down to help.
Go over to the Royal carriage shop... They need someone there.
I couldn't have done better myself!
It's all finished except for the harness. The spiders are spinning one as fast as they can.
And throughout fairyland every one bustled and hustled that the princess might have the loveliest wedding ever.
Have you found the Royal slippers yet?
I'm at my wits' end. The King's cor onet is missing and he's very angry.

Where is my crown? How can I give the Princess away without my crown?
I have found it, your Majesty. You put it out on the doorstep last night instead of the Queen's pet caterpillar!
Meanwhile the Queen receives the fairyland press.
You must be happy to have such a beautiful daughter, your Majesty.
I've always known she would be very pretty. She looks just as I did at her age.
In the Princess's chambers.
You look exquisite, your Royal Highness!
I hope the Prince thinks I do!
Mother! I'm ready!
That's good! It's almost time to go!
I'm so happy! I love my Prince very much!
You should! He's a handsome young man! Come, we must get started.
Call the fireflies! We must have light! The guests will soon be arriving.
All right! Will you speak to the frog and cricket choir? They're quarreling again.
You must hurry to your seats. The Prince is already here, and the Princess's carriage is in sight.
Then—the Princess arrives!!

"Here comes the bride!"
The most beautiful bride in all the land!
Where did I put the ring?
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here—
Suddenly... ...Unheard, the evil sorcerer, whom the fairies fear, approaches.
Oh-ho! The fairies are having a wedding! And such a lovely bride!
And now the ring...
Just a minute! I have it in one of my pockets.
So absorbed are the fairies, they haven't noticed the presence of the sorcerer— until—
My! You are pretty! And you were going to marry that puny little prince! Instead, you shall marry me! Now, into my pocket you go!
Help! Save me, my Prince! Help!
Sob, sob!
The sorcerer with the Princess in his pocket hies to his den.

The fairies, frightened by the wicked kidnapper, run into the forest....

Come back! We must rescue your princess!

They're panic-stricken! They'll come back as soon as they realize what has happened

The little princess is imprisoned in a cage...

There, my pretty! If you are to be my wife I'd fancy you more my size. I'll look among my books and get a secret potion to make you grow!

To make certain the princess cannot escape, the sorcerer has his cat "Fangs" watch her.

The sorcerer mixes a magic formula.

Drink it!

I won't! I won't!

That was of no avail. I must look further. Come, your Royal Highness, I will put you back in the cage.

The sorcerer finds no magic that will change the size of the princess—until—

I've tried everything, except this. But if this fails to make her grow it will kill her, the chances of success are so slim! But I'll try it!

Boil away, spark away, in the pot. Fire burn cold, fire burn hot. That I may make of my prize, A wife more nearly of my size.

Meanwhile, no longer frightened, the fairies have assembled to plan to rescue the princess.

I've found a way....

Although he is bigger than us, we outnumber him by far... Come, men, follow me, to save your Princess—and my wife-to-be!

The angry fairies march upon the sorcerer's castle.

Stealthily, they arrive at the sorcerer's castle.

The shutter is open! I heard him muttering. He is going to give the Princess a brew so potent it will kill her if it doesn't make her larger.

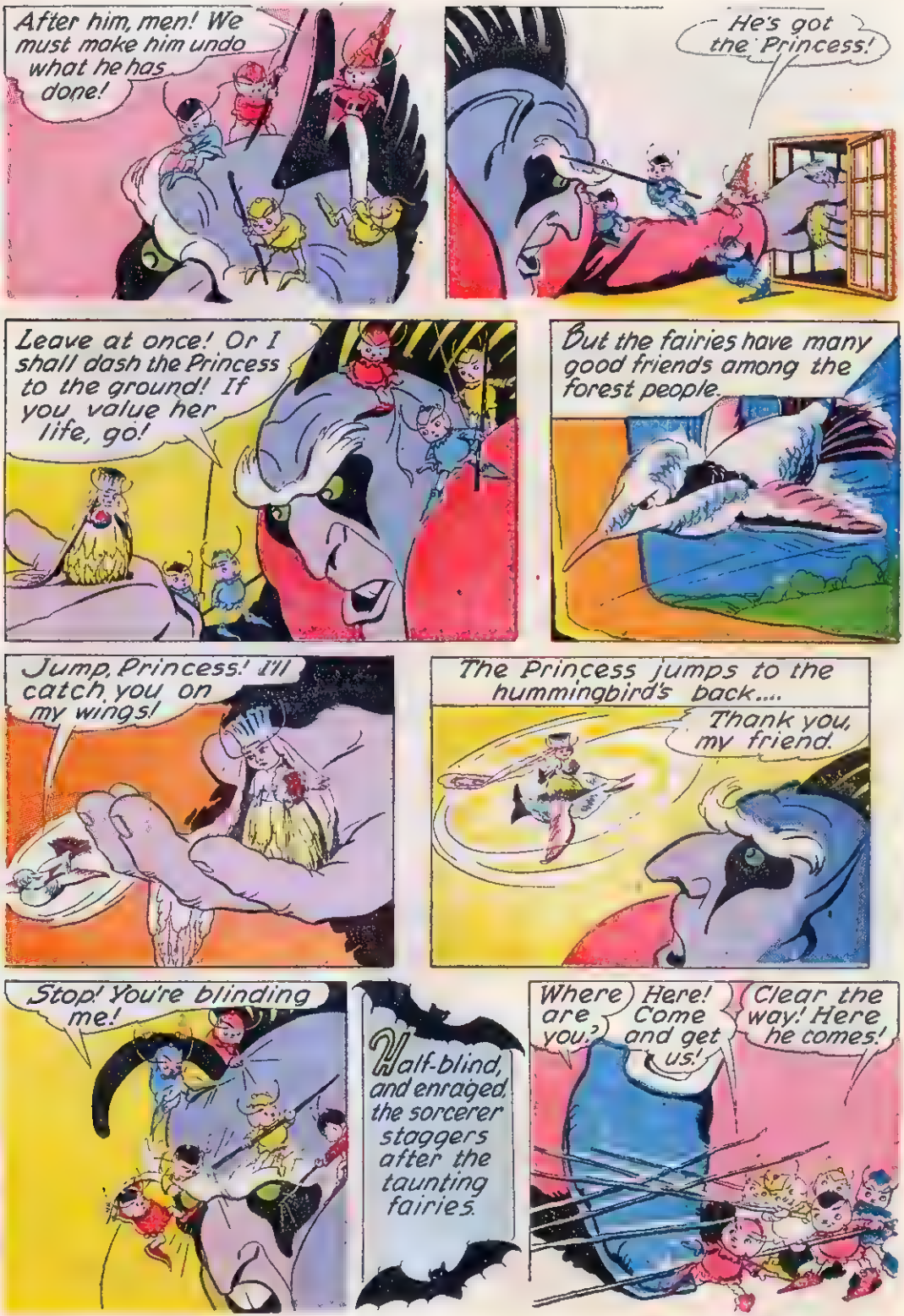
There's no time to lose! We must prevent it!

The tiniest fairy crept through the key-hole and unhooked the latch.

The fairies! Get away, you little wretches, or you'll taste my magic!

Disappear, flesh and bones! Turn at once to solid stone!

Some of the little fairies are turned to stone, but there are too many for the sorcerer to overpower.


After him, men! We must make him undo what he has done!
He's got the Princess!
Leave at once! Or I shall dash the Princess to the ground! If you value her life, go!
But the fairies have many good friends among the forest people.
Jump, Princess! I'll catch you on my wings!
The Princess jumps to the hummingbird's back....
Thank you, my friend.
Stop! You're blinding me!
Half-blind, and enraged, the sorcerer staggers after the taunting fairies.
Where are you?
Here! Come and get us!
Clear the way! Here he comes!

The sorcerer falls into the trap laid by the fairies....
We've got him!
He's unconscious! Get the ropes, quick!
Gee, he's big!
We'll go back and see what's happening.
Are you sure it's safe?
Darling! Are you all right?
Yes, my beloved, but I shall never leave your side again!
The sorcerer is reviving! Work faster, men!
The task of tieing the sorcerer securely completed, the fairies count their casualties.
Five of our men have been frozen into blocks of stone by his curse!
Perhaps his big book will tell how to bring them to life again.

Here it is! You boil it, cool it, and then pour it on!
until ounce Boil it Let Cool
Just a pinch! Be careful, not too much! We must'nt fail!
The formula works, and the little fairies are alive once more.
Turn again to flesh and bone!
Help! I'm being drowned!
I'm so glad they've been brought back to life!
And now we'll have to deal with the sorcerer!
We don't want to kill him, but we can't turn him loose to do more evil! Perhaps in his book there's something we can use on him to make him a good man!
There's nothing about goodness in the whole book!
But look, your Royal Highness, here is one we can use! Vanishing paint: causes object to vanish as though it had never existed!
Would that it were so simple to remove all evil!
Look, you can almost see through him here!
His foot is gone already—

And his head is gone! Whee!!
Look! Nothing left but his belt buckle!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Never again shall our woods be unsafe!
My own! Let's complete our wedding! I can't bear to be apart from you again!
That's my wish too! Send a page for the women. We'll assemble the wedding party here!
I've come to save my daughter from the beast that abducted her!
Oh, my poor baby!
Here I am, father! My Prince has rescued me, with the help of our good people! We're going to finish the wedding now!
The little people gather for the completion of the wedding.
And now, by the authority vested in me—
I've found the ring!
—I pronounce you man and wife!
And so the Prince and Princess of Fairyland were married and lived happily ever after.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF Sindbad the Sailor

"You ask, my friends, how I come to own such wonderful jewels as these? Listen, and I will tell you their story....

"Longing for new adventures, I embarked on a trading ship, which one day ran into a terrible storm..."

Allah all-compassionate, save us!

Allah akbar! Help, or we are lost!

"But Allah chose not to hear us.

"The raging waves soon scattered the wreckage and the drowning crew.

"The cargo and ship soon sank... I alone was able to keep afloat.

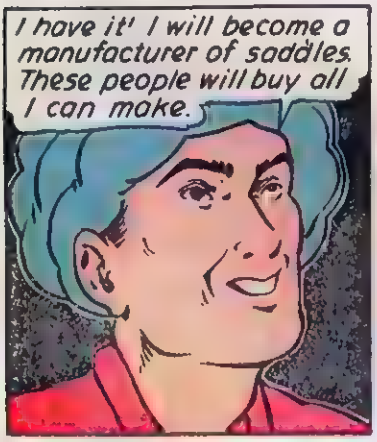
A plank! Exalted be the name of Allah!

"On the second day after the wreck the waves washed me oshore.
"For some time I lay on the beach like a dead man.
"Regaining a little strength, I climbed a sand dune and saw...
"A palace! Surely some mighty king lives here—who will help a poor castaway.
"The king, a devout Moslem, welcomed me kindly."
...so I alone am alive to tell the tale, O King... my goods and friends are no more!
Do not mourn for your goods, friend Sindbad...
I will give you permission to settle in this city—and provide you with funds to open a business of your own choice.

"The next day I went out to see the city.

"I noted, with much surprise, that even the great men rode without saddles."

I have it! I will become a manufacturer of saddles. These people will buy all I can make.



You are the first man, Lord Sindbad, to think of making a chair to sit on a horse!

The first in this country, at least

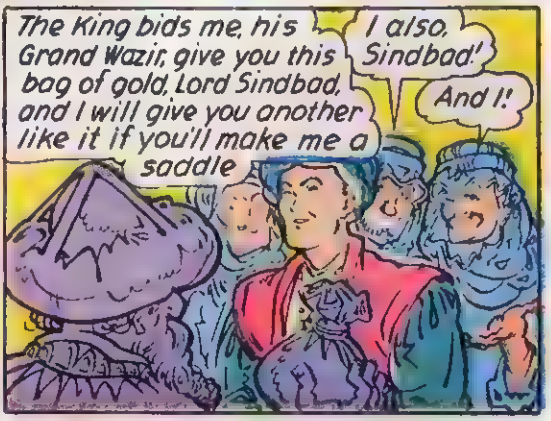
It's finished! A saddle fit for a king... And now, to see what his Majesty thinks of it!

Marvelous, friend Sindbad! Your skill and generosity shall not go unrewarded.

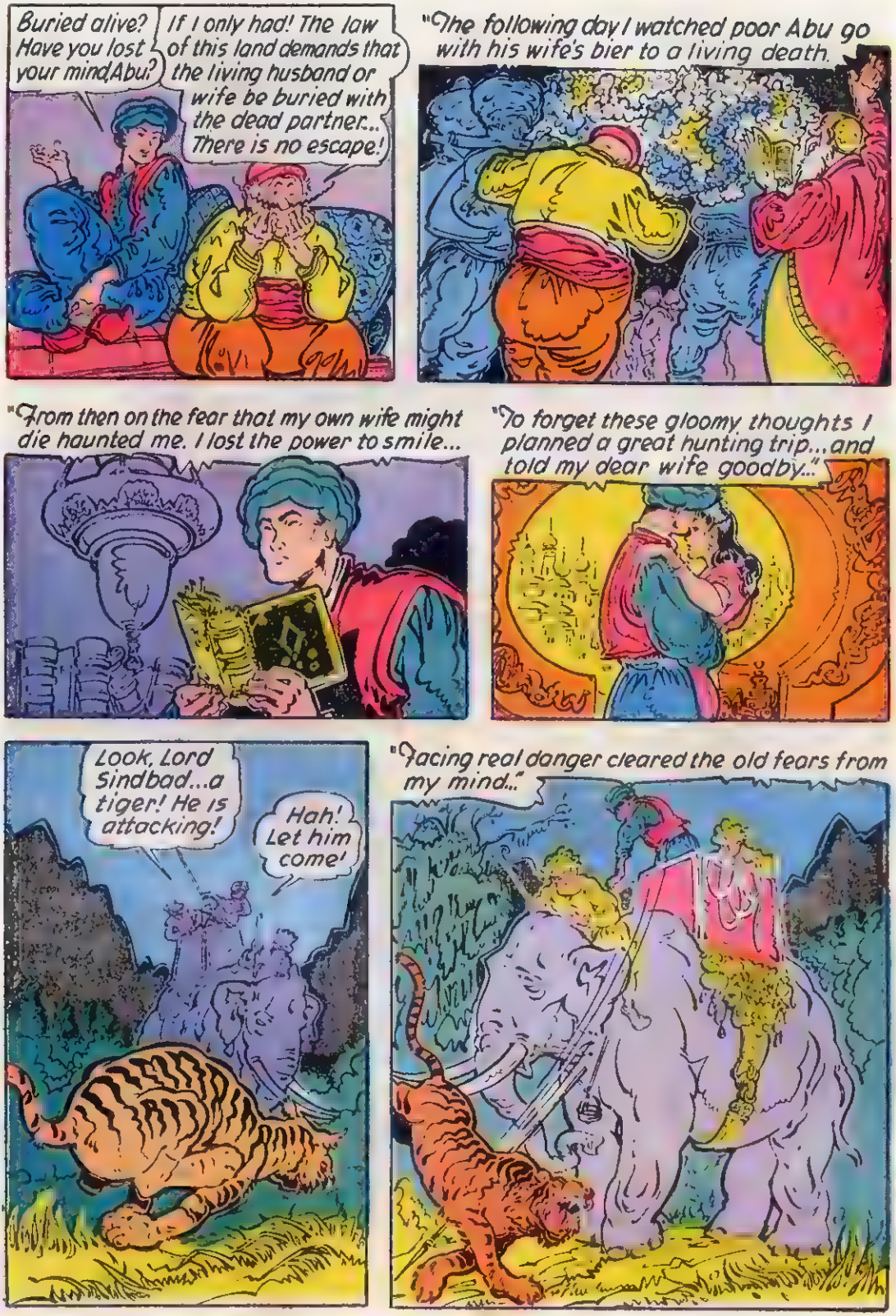
The King bids me, his Grand Wazir, give you this bag of gold, Lord Sindbad, and I will give you another like it if you'll make me a saddle

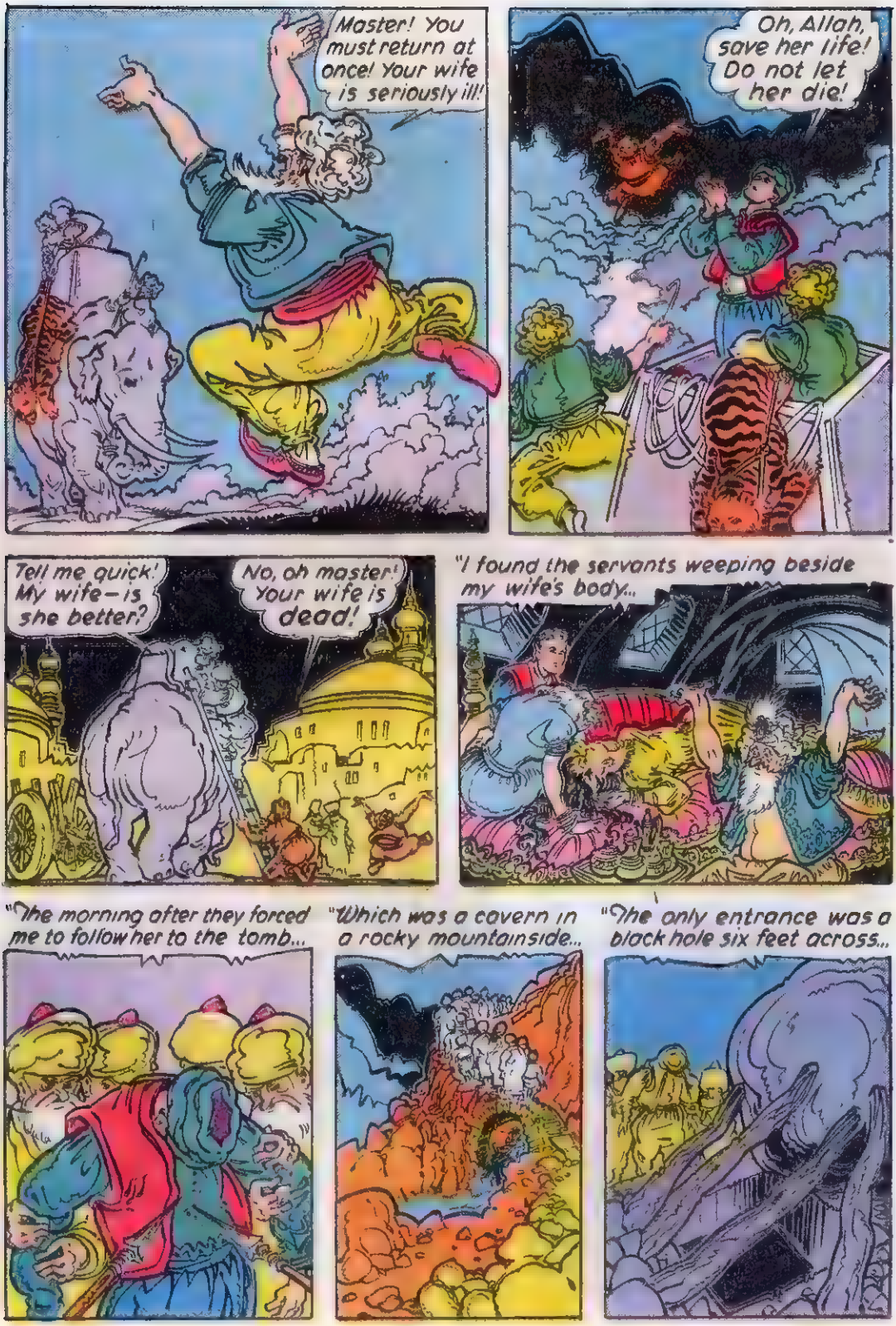
I also, Sindbad!

And I!



"I soon grew rich, making saddles for all the nobles of the country—at fabulous prices."
Sindbad, my friend, I wish you to marry and settle down here... I have chosen you a beautiful and wealthy wife.
I am your servant, O king. It is yours to command.
Behold then, friend Sindbad, this is Jullanar, your bride to be!
May Allah reward your generosity!
"He sent immediately for the Kadi, who married us then and there.
"I lived happily with my lovely bride for many months.
"And then one day, her brother Abu came weeping to tell us that his wife had died."
Oh, my brother, Allah will comfort you—and you will again know happy days.
Alas, Sindbad, you know not what you say... Tomorrow I shall be buried alive!

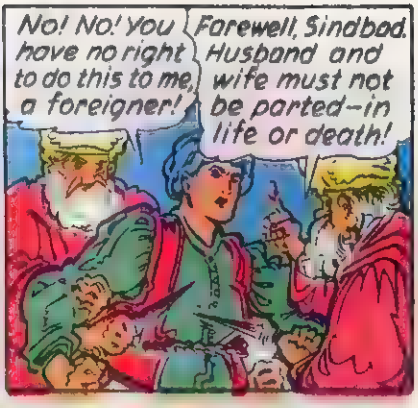

Buried alive? Have you lost your mind, Abu?
If I only had! The law of this land demands that the living husband or wife be buried with the dead partner... There is no escape!
"The following day I watched poor Abu go with his wife's bier to a living death.
"From then on the fear that my own wife might die haunted me. I lost the power to smile...
"To forget these gloomy thoughts I planned a great hunting trip... and told my dear wife goodby..."
Look, Lord Sindbad... a tiger! He is attacking!
Hah! Let him come!
"Facing real danger cleared the old fears from my mind..."


Master! You must return at once! Your wife is seriously ill!
Oh, Allah, save her life! Do not let her die!
Tell me quick! My wife—is she better?
No, oh master! Your wife is dead!
"I found the servants weeping beside my wife's body...
"The morning after they forced me to follow her to the tomb...
"Which was a cavern in a rocky mountainside...
"The only entrance was a black hole six feet across...

"With all her richest garments, gold and jewels, my dead wife was lowered into the pit."

No! No! You have no right to do this to me, a foreigner!

Forewell, Sindbad. Husband and wife must not be parted—in life or death!



"With a jug of water and a sack of bread, they lowered me through the hole"

Skeletons! Dead bodies! And I—soon shall be—like them!

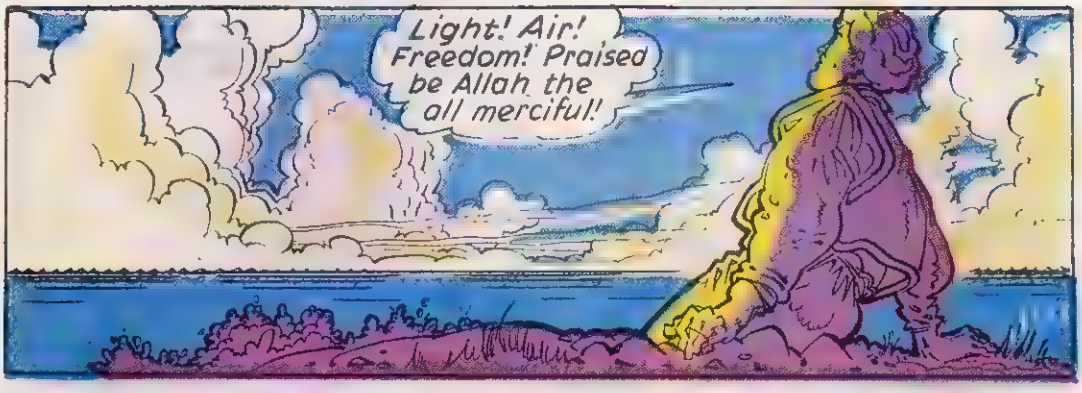
"Through dark, many-branching passages I stumbled, crazed with horror.

But I will not die with them! I won't! I wont!

"I lost track of time in that dim underworld...aware only of my vanishing bread and water.

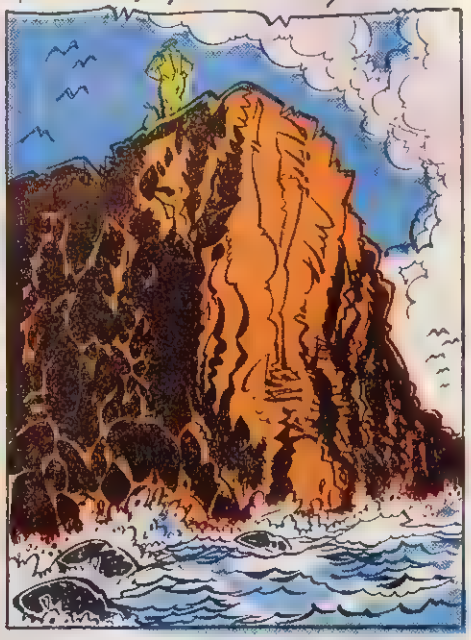
"As I slept, half dead with fear and grief, some huge rats took the last crumbs and spilled the remaining water...

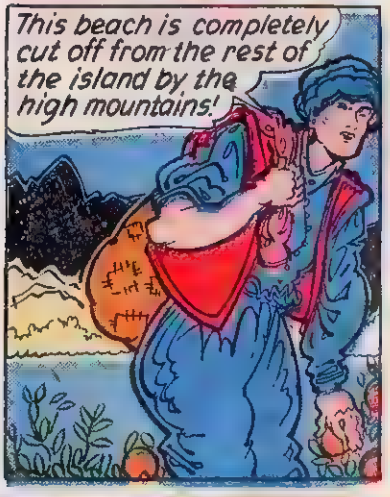
...and began to nibble at my foot.
"I fought them off like a madman... Later—
"I came upon a skeleton! Some ghoul who had robbed the dead of their gold and jewels."
He filled that sack— with a king's fortune— only to lose his way and die...die as I must soon
Allah! A wild beast come to devour me!
No! It's a cowardly hyaena...I'll follow it—it must know a way out!
"As I hoped, the brute led me to a small hole through which daylight streamed..."



"I returned to the dead robber, who lay not far from the hyaena's hole.

"Coming out upon a high cliff, I feasted my eyes on the sky and sea."





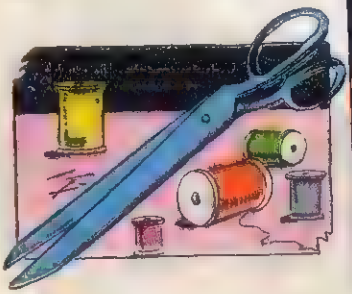
"But before many days I grew homesick and started building a raft with driftwood and rope-like vines.

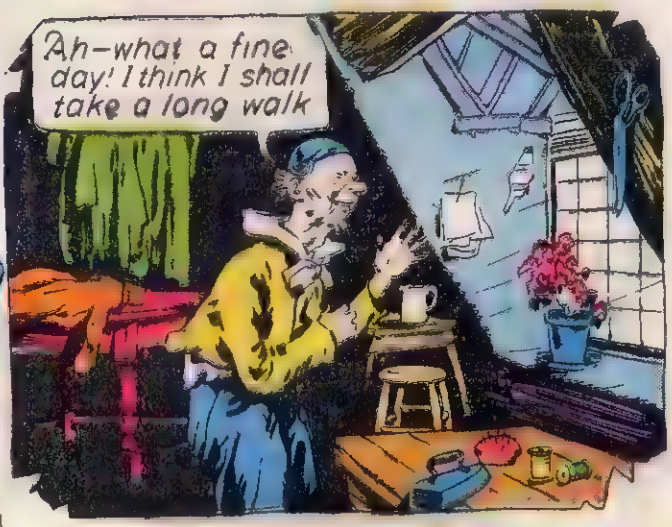
"When the raft was completed I loaded it with my jewels, fruit, and water....
"...and pushed off, committing my life to the care of Allah.
"After two weeks my water gave out...I despaired of rescue
"Then, in my darkest hour, a ship appeared!
"The friendly sailors pulled me aboard with my jewels, and there...
"The ship's owner turned out to be an old travel companion."
Sindbad, my old friend! It can't be you!
But it is, Hassan—it is I—by the mercy of Allah!
Captain Hassan fed and clothed me with his best, and in return I gave half of my fortune to him and his crew, and that, my friends, is the story.
END OF THE FOURTH VOYAGE

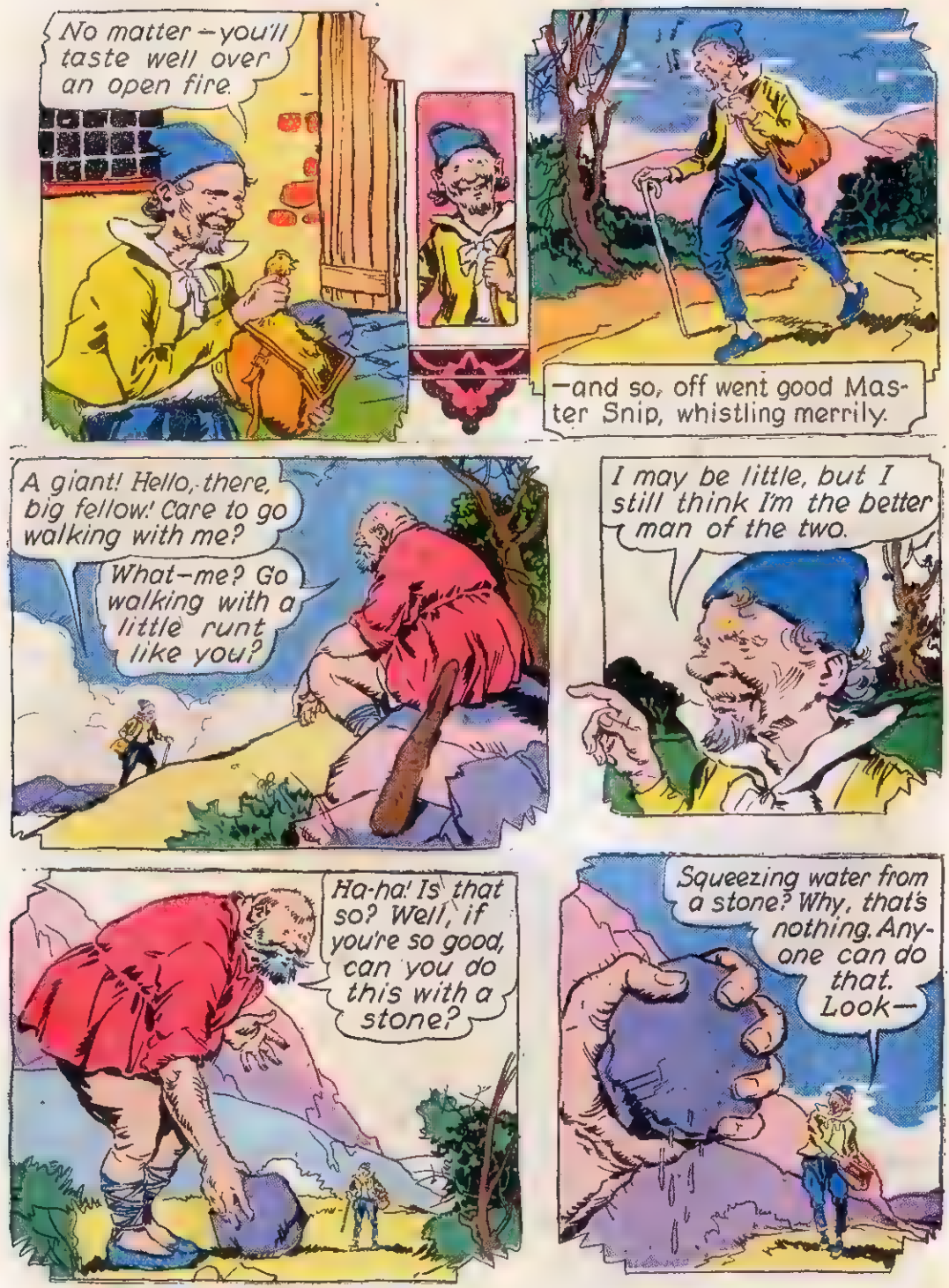
The BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

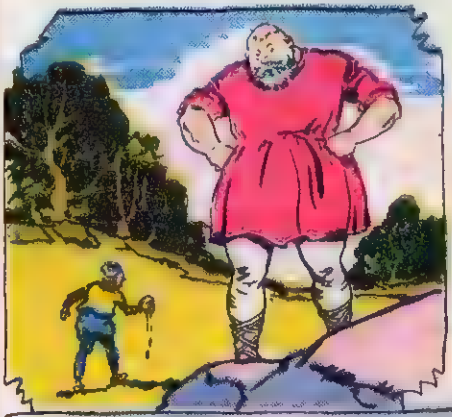
Adapted from the tale by The Brothers Grimm

On a fine summer morning, in the shop of Master Snip, the tailor—

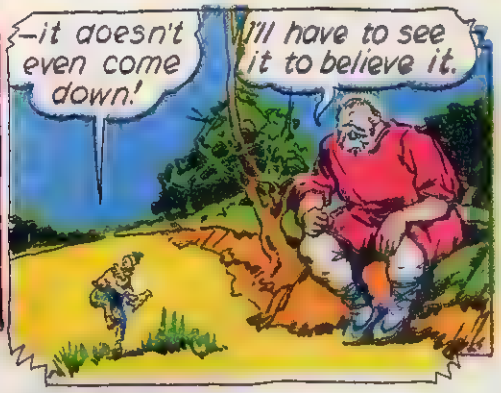





No matter—you'll taste well over an open fire.
—and so, off went good Master Snip, whistling merrily.
A giant! Hello, there, big fellow! Care to go walking with me?
What—me? Go walking with a little runt like you?
I may be little, but I still think I'm the better man of the two.
Ha-ha! Is that so? Well, if you're so good, can you do this with a stone?
Squeezing water from a stone? Why, that's nothing. Anyone can do that. Look—

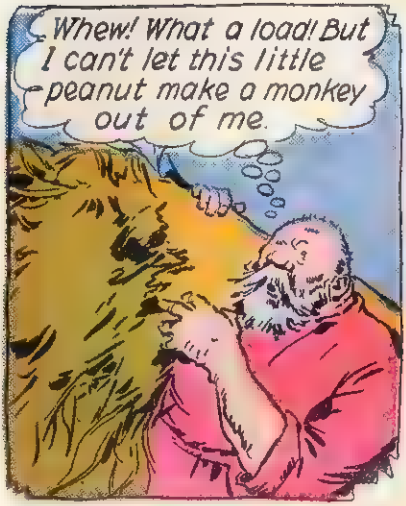


The tailor was only squeezing the whey out of his cheese, but the giant thought he had a stone.

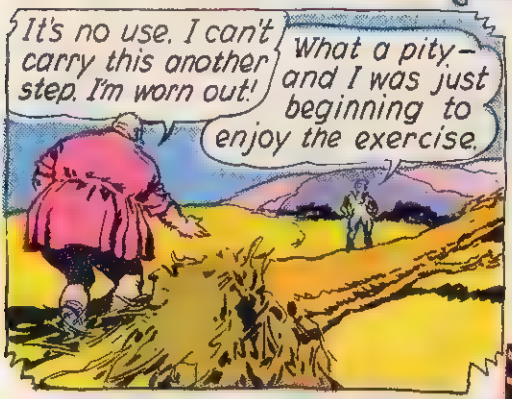


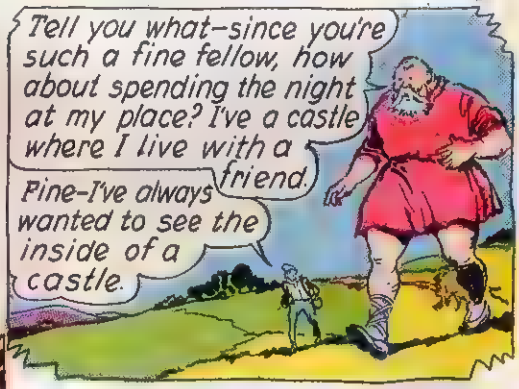
The nearsighted giant did not see that the tailor was hurling a chicken instead of a stone. Naturally, the bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew away.

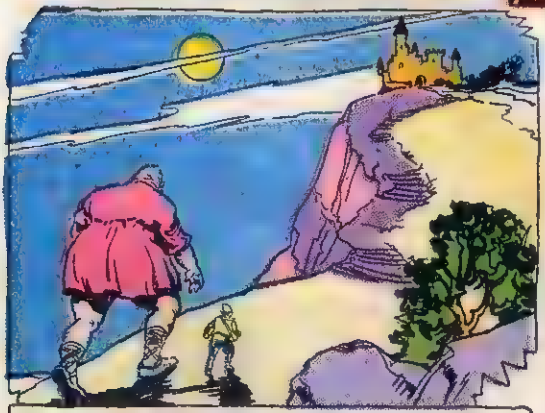
All right, Pee-wee, since you're so strong, how about helping me carry home this piece of firewood?
Certainly—You carry the roots. I'll take the branches. They're heavier.



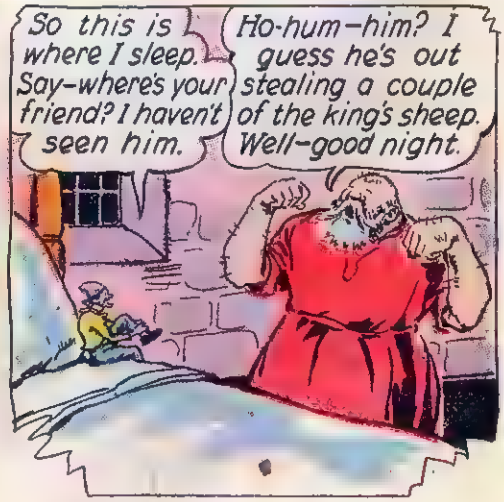
The tailor jumped into the branches and rode along while the giant thought he was carrying the other end.




I'll tell you what—since you're such a fine fellow, how about spending the night at my place? I've a castle where I live with a friend.
Fine—I've always wanted to see the inside of a castle.

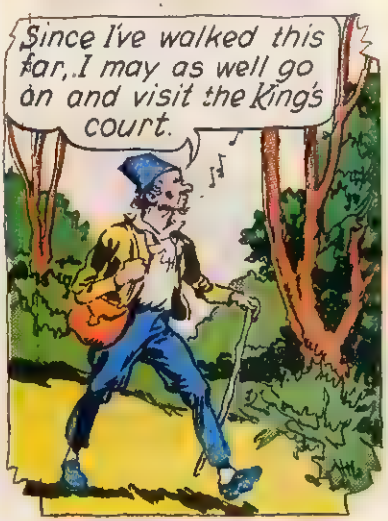


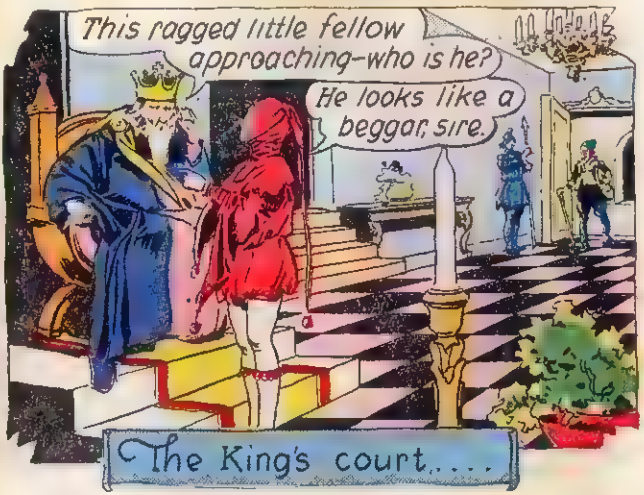
It was a long walk to the castle, and when they arrived, night had fallen.


So this is where I sleep. Say—where's your friend? I haven't seen him.
Ho-hum—him? I guess he's out stealing a couple of the king's sheep. Well—good night.

But the wise little tailor did not trust the giant. As soon as he was alone he put a log in the bed and then hid behind a chair.

The next morning—

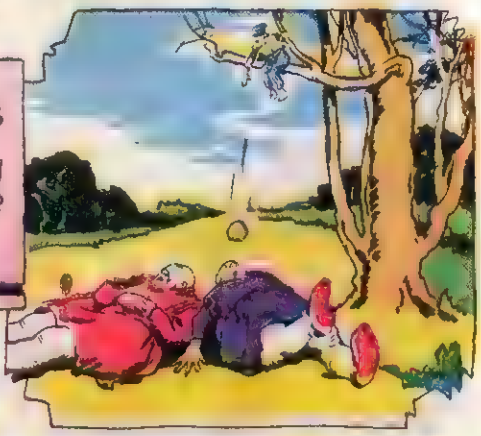




The King's court....

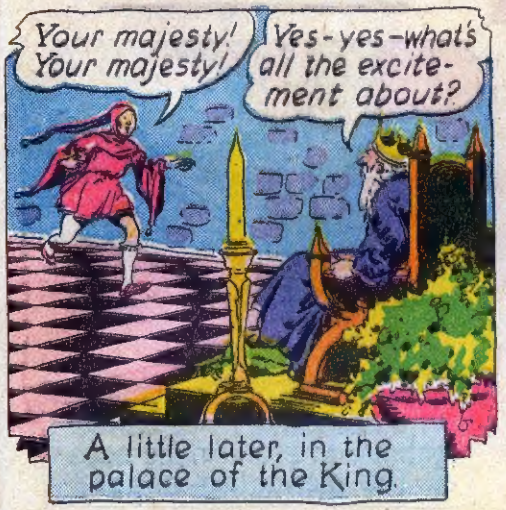
And who, may I ask, are you?
Your majesty, you see before you the bravest and strongest man in your kingdom.
Ho-ho-ha-ha-hee-hee! Listen to the boastful little knave!
Since you're so brave, you can go out and kill the two giants who have been killing my sheep. Ho-ho—I'll give you a hundred soldiers—ha-ha!
Keep your hundred soldiers. I need no help!
And if you succeed, I'll give you half my kingdom—ha-ha!
I'll be back for my half before the sun sets, your majesty.
Haw-haw-haw!
Maybe I boasted too much. How in the world am I ever going to kill those giants?
Well, there's nothing like trying. I can always use half a kingdom. The giants are probably in the forest

The little tailor casts a stone at the forehead of one of the sleeping giants.

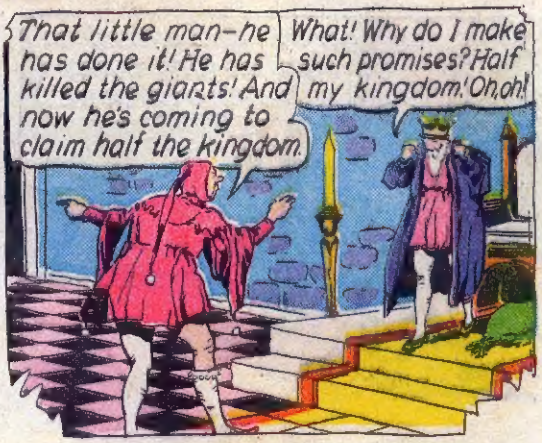


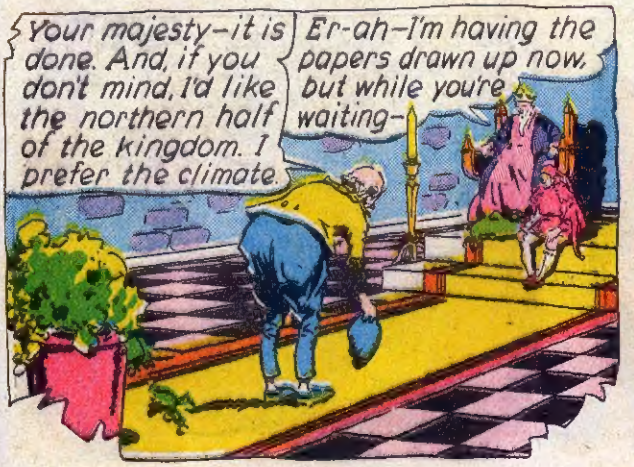
Aw–go back to sleep. You've got ants in the head!
All right–but cut out the funny stuff.
As the giants go off to sleep again, the little tailor drops another stone.
Ouch!
Take that, smart guy!
Ooow!!
Ooops! I almost slipped that time!
That's enough out of you!
Hey–leggo my ears–ootch!
Atta boy– Use that left hook–give it to him!
This should settle you!

And so, the two giants having made an end of each other, the little tailor dropped from his perch.



A little later, in the palace of the King.


That little man-he has done it! He has killed the giants! And now he's coming to claim half the kingdom.
What! Why do I make such promises? Half my kingdom! Oh, oh!


Your majesty-it is done. And, if you don't mind, I'd like the northern half of the kingdom. I prefer the climate.
Er-ah-I'm having the papers drawn up now, but while you're waiting-

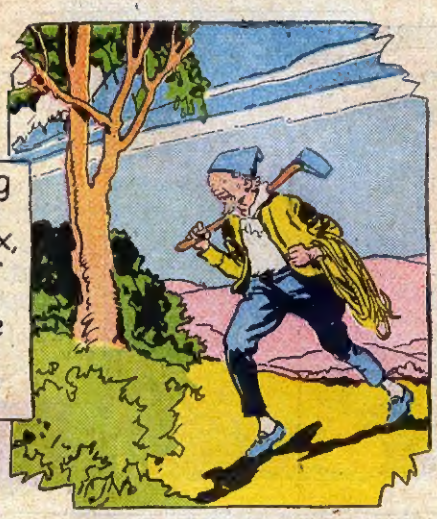
Will you do me a small favor? There's a unicorn in the woods nearby I've always fancied him as a pet. Would you-er-catch him for me?

No sooner said than done, your majesty.

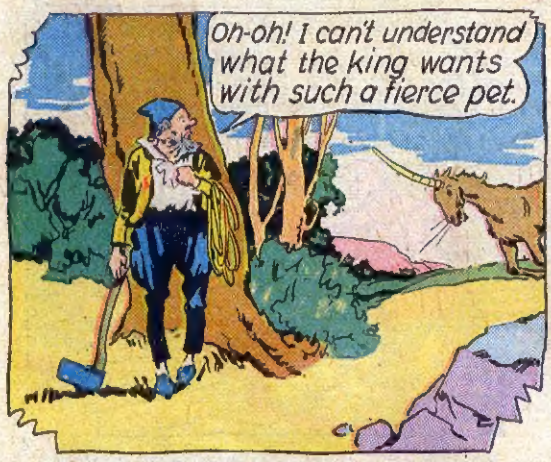
Well, er—it may be a bit difficult.

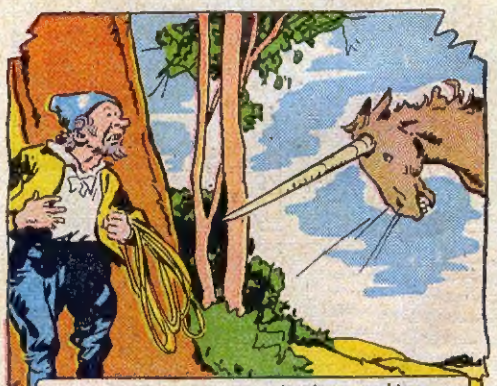
The unicorn will make short work of him. It's the fiercest beast in the forest!

Procuring a rope and an ax, the tailor set out after the unicorn.

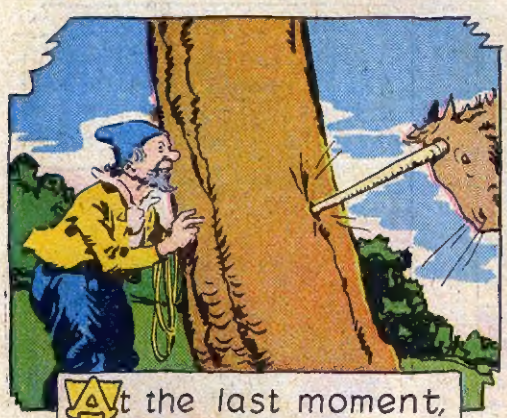


Oh-oh! I can't understand what the king wants with such a fierce pet.



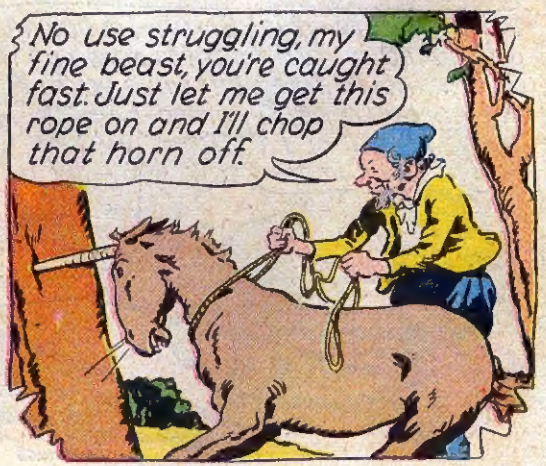


Why does the little tailor continue to stand in the path of the menacing beast?

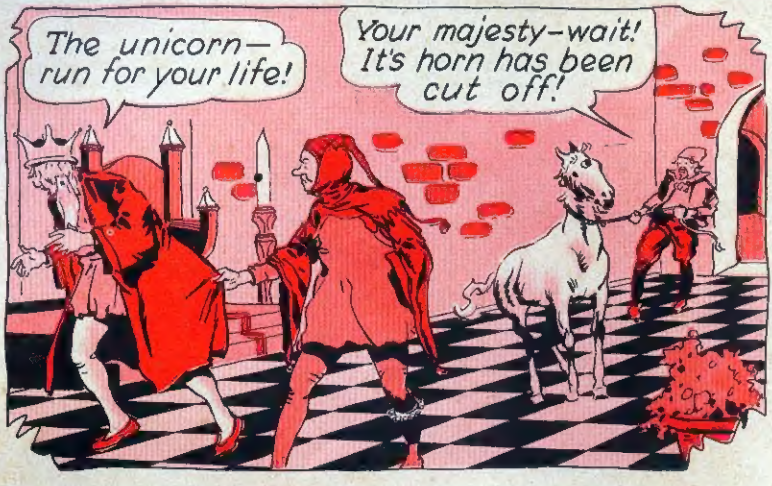


At the last moment, the clever little tailor leaps aside—

No use struggling, my fine beast, you're caught fast. Just let me get this rope on and I'll chop that horn off.



In the palace, a little later.



My dear fellow—the papers are ready. The feats you have performed this day have proven you worthy of half a kingdom. Much as I dislike losing it, I shall keep my promise.—

And so it came to pass that because a tailor went out for a walk, a little man became a great one.

The little forest men of Long Ago Land had just begun their dance. Round and round the largest toadstool they circled. Suddenly a drop of rain fell, then another. Rain drops were no bigger in those days, but the little people were so tiny that some of the drops were as big as their heads. Quickly the wee men scurried for shelter, some under toadstools, some under leaves. The rain turned into a real storm. The wind whistled. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled through the woods.

Hidden away under their woodland shelters, the little people were safe, but they were sad. Just when they had felt so happy, the rain had come to spoil their dance. The littlest of the little men sniffled and tried hard to keep from crying, he was so sad.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the storm passed. The sun reappeared and the little people came timidly out into the open.

What a sight greeted them! The sun's rays sparkled on a million glistening jewels. Drops like diamonds hung from every shrub and flower. The forest had become an enchanted fairyland.

Now the tiny folk were really gay. They leaped and danced as never before. The woodland folk joined in—the frog croaked merrily—the butterfly came back—the birds shook themselves dry and sang more gaily than ever. Every little man was glad now that the rain had come. And the littlest one laughed the loudest and danced the longest for he was the happiest of all.